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Guthrie

A FAIR ARRANGEMENT.

"SAY, FATTY, HAVE YOU GOT TWENTY DOLLARS? I PROMISED TO TAKE MY GIRL TO THE OPERA, AND I AM DEAD BROKE."

"THAT'S SINGULAR. NOW I HAVE TWENTY AND NO GIRL. I'LL MATCH YOU TO SEE WHETHER YOU TAKE THE TWENTY OR I TAKE THE GIRL TO THE OPERA."

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SILHOUETTE.

UNTIL the blazing New Year cheer
The children of wan Want draw near,
With outstretched hands that beg
for bread—
While the church bells rhyme and
chime o'erhead.

OH, GEORGE!

GEORGE WASHINGTON, whose birthday we celebrate, has hitherto held an enviable place in the hearts of his countrymen. He was the immediate paternal relative of his country, and at an early age he promulgated an example of veracity which has gained world-wide currency. But like

Lot's wife, William Tell and Shakespeare, he must retire from the pedestal he has occupied so long. Recently discovered evidence convicts him of having once written a poem.

A LACK OF COINCIDENCE.

DOWNER: I am glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit.

UPPER: Why?

DOWNER: Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time.



BARON SAMPSON GOLIATH, THE MODERN HERCULES AND HUMAN DERRICK OF THE WORLD, ON HIS WAY FROM THE FERRY.

A RECENT CONVERSATION.

THE BISHOP'S WIFE: We congratulate ourselves, Mrs. Newcome, that you have come to live among us. We need intelligent churchwomen. And so we may expect you at the rectory on Ash Wednesday to assist us in making plans for Lenten work?

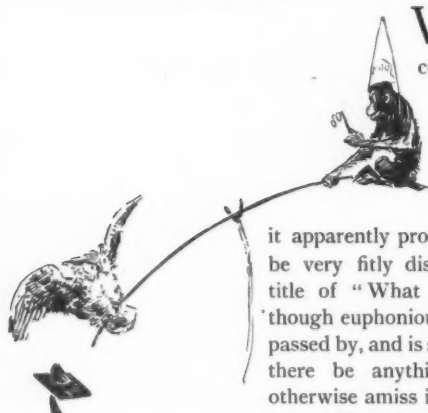
MRS. NEWCOME: Certainly, Mrs. Bishop. I pride myself upon being a churchwoman and am always ready for Lent. But tell me, please, when does Ash Wednesday come this year in Greenville? In New Orleans it always comes the day after Mardi Gras.



"While there's Life there's Hops."

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WHEN a new department of a contemporary journal was once looking about for a name, a sympathetic friend suggested that such ideas as it apparently proposed to impart might be very fitly disseminated under the title of "What t' 'ell!" The name, though euphonious and attractive, was passed by, and is still available. Would there be anything disrespectful or otherwise amiss in the suggestion that it would make an excellent heading for a department in the *Evening Post*, to be devoted to athletics in American colleges? Or it might with equal fitness be applied to the entire editorial page of Mr. Dana's *Sun*.



WHAT'S the matter with Grover? Is there anything the matter with him, do you think? Is he all right, or is there a basis of verity in the assertion that nowadays when he scratches his head he has to reach out farther than he reaches up? Is Grover's head really swelled? And is it really true that he has got himself a new motto, and that it reads "After me, the Deluge?"

LIFE doesn't believe it, and doesn't propose to believe it until further notice. It is a fact that the audience to which Grover is playing just now is not especially enthusiastic, and that even the claque is rather disposed to sit with its hands in its pockets; but that this is altogether the chief performer's fault is not so clear. The piece has been difficult. There was the Hawaiian business. The hero's conduct was virtuous to be sure, but it is not quite enough for the stage hero to be merely virtuous. If the moral is to be brought out adequately large, he must be winning too. It is his duty

to see to it, if he can, not only that justice shall be done, but that it shall seem admirable. There was no defect in justice in Grover's end of the Hawaiian matter, but the suspicion may be tolerated that there was a defect of skill.

* * *

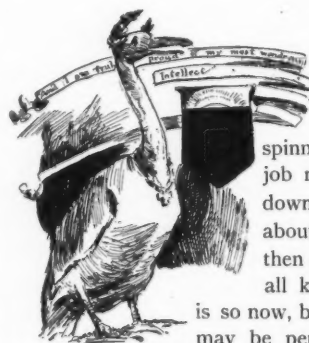
AND so with the fight over the new Supreme Court Justice. When Polonius said what he did about thumping the other fellow when a fight is on, he was not speaking of a fight over the appointment of a Supreme Court Judge. The man Hill has everything to gain by a fight, and nothing very important to lose. A scrimmage advertises him. It is a tolerably good thing to knock him out, but when there is a vacancy in the highest court of the United States, what is wanted is not so much a fight as a judge. Aye! and a good judge, too, and promptly. That the selection of such a judge should be influenced by extra-judicial considerations, is unfortunate; that temper should enter into it is a pity; that it should wait upon the exigencies of battle is not good.

* * *

LIFE has a sincere regard for the President. It knows that his job is a hard job. It would rather see him do what is right than what is popular. But if by some timely accession of grace he can diffuse a somewhat more ingratiating glow over the features of political righteousness, he may incidentally put virtue in a better way of getting its proper reward.

Hill is a galoot, anyway. It seems a pity to delay important business for the sake of thumping such a person. Nevertheless, if Mr. Cleveland feels constrained to make the fight with him now, here's a hoping he may win it.

* * *



THE press is omniscient and omnipotent, and the newspapers are by so much the most important factor in keeping the world spinning that if they all quit their job now this planet would run down like a tired top, wobble about in space a reel or two, and then drop out of circulation. We all know that, and realize it. It is so now, but it was not always so. It may be permissible once a year, and at about this stage of the month of February to recall with thankfulness that George Washington was born, not created by the newspapers, and that Virginia nourished him, and that he lived and died without any very great amount of help from the press. It is good for us to remind ourselves occasionally that a growth like his, from within outward, was once possible. It is old fashioned, but there is something pleasantly substantial and edifying about it, especially in times when the notion is so prevalent that the way to make a man great is to paint him bigger on the slide, increase the light, and move farther away the screen that catches the reflection.

Overheard in Arcady.

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

CHARACTERS FROM THE HOUSEHOLD OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

DR. JEKYLL, . . . A Philanthropist.
MR. HYDE, . . . A Villain.
PRINCE OTTO, . . . Idealists, and late
PRINCESS SERAPHINA, } Rulers of Grünwald.
KING TEMBINOKA, . . . Of Apemama, South
Sea Islands.

SCENE I.

HE laboratory of Dr. Jekyll in his old London house. The walls from floor to ceiling are lined with shelves filled with bottles of chemicals. A table between two windows is covered with retorts, test tubes, etc. A Bunsen burner is throwing a jet of pale blue flame on a retort filled with a bubbling liquid, in which the globules rise and fall, flashing like many-colored eyes. A fire is on the hearth, and before it stand Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in earnest conversation.

DR. JEKYLL: This writer Stevenson, whose book I hold in my hands, reported me eight years ago as saying, "Man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be

ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens." When this was published it was greeted with rapture as the ingenious invention of a clever romancer—a fable to teach a moral truth. But already the guess which I simply hazarded has been scientifically demonstrated by the hypnotic investigations of Charcot, Janet, Binet and the rest. We now know that by hypnotism a single individual may be divided into three or more personalities, of widely different and often antagonistic traits. Of course no one remembers now that Stevenson, the romancer, was the first to give this truth to the world!

MR. HYDE: You may remember that a good many hundred years before Stevenson or Charcot there was recorded the case of a man out of whom there were cast seven devils.

JEKYLL (with severity): We are now talking scientifically. Of course in literature there have been hints of a dual nature in man—from Adam to Faust. But I do believe that in all his studies of character Stevenson has been more subtle than most modern writers because he has grasped this idea of the complexity of our motives and actions. He never draws a chalk line between good and bad, but shades the one into the other so gradually that you are in doubt of the relative quality of an action.

HYDE (with a satirical smile): As a man wholly wicked I approve of that. Nothing will so rapidly lead men my way as these vague distinctions.

JEKYLL (protesting): But I am not putting Stevenson forward solely as a moralist! He is a literary artist who has had the good fortune to grasp a great psychological truth which helps to put his art in line with modern thought.

HYDE (impatiently): Bother modern thought! Stevenson does not care a rush for it—he is a writer of stories for the sake of the story. Don't load him down with subtleties which never entered his head.

JEKYLL: There was something more than the story in "Prince Otto," "Will o' the Mill," "Olalla" and "The Master of Ballantrae." I'll grant that he would like to be only a teller of entrancing tales, but the blood of the preaching Balfours is too much for him, and he moralizes in spite of himself.

HYDE (laughing): It's pretty bad morality often, I'm glad to say. He has a way of making his wicked men far more attractive than his good ones—which is the way of the world, isn't it my learned Doctor?

DR. JEKYLL (with righteous indignation): No, sir! No! The motives of our best actions are, I will admit, always slightly mixed with something base. But in the long run a good action has good motives, and a bad action has bad motives. The world knows that as well as you do, and is attracted or repelled by a man accordingly. If I may be personal, you need only think of the esteem in which I am held in London, and the detestation which follows your every footstep. (Walks to the table and pours some of the fiery liquid into a glass, which he hands to Hyde to drink).



"NOT TRULY ONE, BUT TRULY TWO."

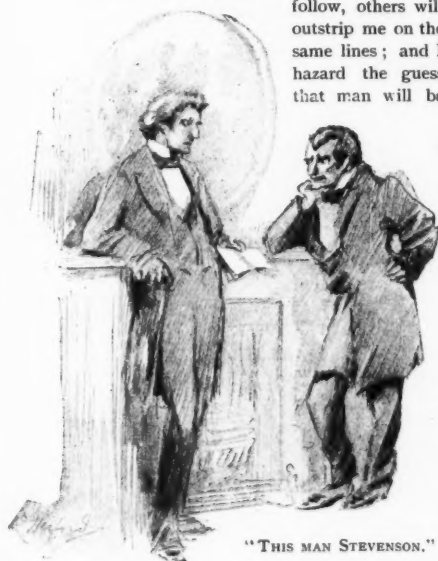


HYDE SPRINGS AT JEKYLL'S THROAT.

HYDE (jeering as he drinks it): And yet I am a part of the motive in every philanthropic act of yours; I stand behind your good deeds and say: "You will lose social and scientific caste if you are not respectable." Therefore you are respectable! A fine unmixed motive that is! (Hyde springs at Jekyll's throat. There is a sharp



JEKYLL IS SEEN ALONE.

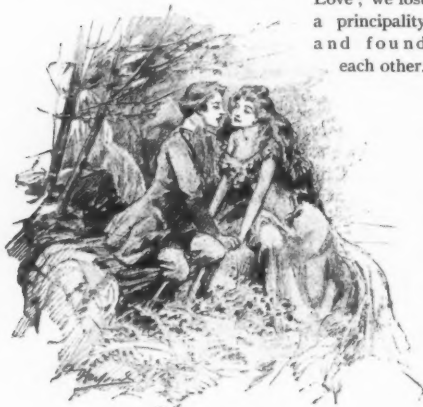


"THIS MAN STEVENSON."

explosion, and a green light fills the room. When it fades out into white, Dr. Jekyll is seen alone, sitting in his armed chair, with an expression of horror on his face, as though he had just seen and dreaded the return of an awful vision).

SCENE II: The heart of the forest of Grünewald. Prince Otto and Princess Seraphina seated on a fallen tree by the edge of a pool into which a white cascade is plunging.

PRINCESS SERAPHINA: In this forest we awoke from our dream of Power, and found Love; we lost a principality and found each other.



"WE FLED FROM AMBITION."

PRINCE OTTO: We fled from ambition and discovered happiness.

SERAPHINA: And now to the world we appear to be only poor refugees—you a hunter and I a housewife—all our glory gone, and nothing to live for!

OTTO: But like Stevenson's "Lantern-Bearers" we carry out of sight, near our hearts, the hidden light which glorifies it all.

SERAPHINA: What an illuminating fable of his that is! The "mound of mud" in which ordinary people seem to dwell is nothing to him; he is interested only in the golden chamber, at the heart of which each dwells delighted.

OTTO: Yes, that is why we always read him with such joy. We know that he will take us on a chase after the "incommunicable delight of life."

SERAPHINA: It is what Henry James calls the perpetual boy in him—the glorious zest of living.

OTTO: The song of the nightingale which lured the monk into the woods, and when he returned he found that half a century had passed as a day!

SERAPHINA: I fear Stevenson does not always take us after the nightingale's song. There is a hint of following a bird of prey now and then—a suggestion of carrion which I don't quite like.

OTTO: Oh, but remember that with him it's always on the way to the nightingale's

song. If you follow him long enough the path ends in beauty.

SERAPHINA: But he ought to make a detour round the carcasses. I should not mind a few briars by the way, but nothing disagreeable. Oh, the awful gore of chapters in "The Wrecker."

OTTO: That is spoken like a woman—it is the physical image of it that repels you. You lose sight of the great passions portrayed in such chapters.

SERAPHINA: He is an avowed disciple of idealism, of romance—a votary of beauty—and he should not spoil his pages, dedicated to beauty, with repellant images. The real joy of life does not lie in that direction. I don't want the smoke and smell of the lantern (to use his own image). I only want to feel its warmth near my heart, and to flash its ray of light into the darkness, now and then.

OTTO: That is always the woman's point of view. But for the boys on the links (and the men they prefigure), the pungent odor of the blistering tin of the lantern under their coats is an essential part of that series of sensations which sends their imagination soaring away to the Elysian fields. A man often *must* build his Castle in Spain on piles that are driven into the mud.

SERAPHINA: For me the real Stevenson is the author of your story, "Prince Otto," of "Underwoods," "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Virginibus," "Will o' the Mill" and "An Inland Voyage." They are builded so far above the mire.

OTTO: And for me he is the author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Master," "The Wrecker," and "David Balfour." Between the two groups is almost the whole range of the imagination—from the purely idyllic to the most complex passions. He plays upon this wonderful organ, with words for notes—and, oh, the music of them!

SERAPHINA: You get very near the secret of his skill as a writer when you say that. It



"THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE."



"I, IN THESE TROPIC ISLES,"

is "the love of lovely words" which leads him on and on, through "wet woods and miry lane," till at last you can almost hear his song in the water-fall yonder:

"Where hath fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over, life was gay;
We have come the primrose way."

EPILOGUE.

THE SONG OF TEMBINOKA, KING OF APEMAMA.

Sing my warriors, sing! men of the sharklike race!
Sing of the poet who came and greeted us face to face.
He from the cold, gray North, I, in these tropic isles,
Meet as brothers and bards, with eloquent songs and smiles—
Meet as brothers, though singing words that are strange and proud—
Pale and wan in his face, while mine is a thunder-cloud.
But the heart of a man is hidden by neither language nor skin—
To love as a man and a brother maketh the whole world akin.
The tales that he tells are of heroes who fought like braves to the death—
Bone of our bone are these heroes, the very breath of our breath!
Then sing, my warriors sing! Men of the sharklike race,
Sing of the poet who came and greeted us face to face!

Robert Bridges (Droch).

NEW BOOKS.

THE SONG OF THE SANDWICH. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. New York: Geo. M. Allen Company.

A Review of Etching in the United States. By Henry Russell Wray. Philadelphia: R. C. Penfield.

On Sunny Shores. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Charles L. Webster.

The Humour of Holland. Translated by A. Werner. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.



He: THEN WHAT DID YOU MARRY ME FOR?

She: MAMMA FIGURED IT UP AT THE TIME AND SAID IT WAS FOR ABOUT A MILLION AND A HALF.

WHAT IS THIS?

AN enemy of his kind proceeding to destroy them?

Not at all! It is merely a professed friend of his kind who was indiscreet enough to address a Socialistic n^oting when he had a cold, and therefore pronounced Bellamites Bedlamites. He is now merely defending himself.

LIFE declines to say whether it does or does not defend his pronunciation.

EUROPEAN PAPERS PLEASE COPY.

THE following extract from a last week's paper may cause a ripple of excitement throughout court circles in Europe:

Mrs. W. Seward Webb, who, with Mrs. Burke-Roche, Mrs. J. Frederic Kernochan and Mrs. John Christopher Wilmerding, assisted in receiving the guests, wore a magnificent gown of white satin brocade and point lace, coronet of diamonds, and a stomacher of diamonds. Mrs. Paran Stevens, in buttercup yellow satin combined with maroon velvet and trimmed with silver, wore many handsome rubies and diamond ornaments on her corsage and neck, as well as in her coiffure. Mrs. Henry T. Sloane, in white satin, was ablaze with diamonds, including a Grecian collarette, a tiara, and many ornaments on the corsage. Mrs. Charles F. Havemeyer looked handsome in a dress of black moiré and lace, the bodice of which was ornamented with a single American beauty rose. Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, in pale mauve opalescent moiré, trimmed with silver embroidery and point lace, was one of the young married belles who danced in nearly every set. Mrs. Burke-Roche's gown was of white satin shot with blue and trimmed with silver.

THE steel men may rail at Mr. Carnegie, but his retort is in his works.



COMPLETELY DONE UP.

· LIFE ·





LENT.

THOSE WHO FAST FOR SIX WEEKS AND THOSE WHO FAST ALL THE YEAR.



"THE OGALLALLAS."

LIFE would be less American than he wishes to be, if from the critical point of view he were not more tender with the offspring of American genius than with products of effete Europe. But this indulgence is not absolute. It may extend to winking the other eye but not to closing both of them. He holds that honesty is quite as much an American quality as patriotism, so he is forced to confess, more in sor-

row than in anger, that the new production of that thoroughly American organization, "The Bostonians," is not all that it should be.

The principal fault lies with the management. They should have known better than to entrust the important part of *Arthur Cambridge* to such a very light-waisted tenor as Mr. Edgar Temple. The contrast between his effeminacy and the robustness of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Cowles may be very effective, but it spoils the performance and excites the risibles of the most indulgent spectator. Vocally and physically, he is as much out of it as a feather-weight would be if opposed to the Hon. James Corbett.

The opera deals with the Indian throughout and shows that gentleman, clean and picturesque. In the case of Mr. MacDonald, who represents *War Cloud*, he is a real Indian marquis with an eighteenth-century courtliness, which, possessed by actual Indians, would make them more popular than they are on the frontier. No one would ever accuse this *War Cloud* of stealing the commandant's red sash to make soup for the tribe. Mr. Cowles as *Cardenas, the Mexican Bandit*, is a person one would rather meet at Police Headquarters than in a lonely mountain pass at midnight. The little music that falls to these artists is done well. Bertha Waltzinger has the leading female rôle and suffices to its requirements. Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis is one of those charming squaws one never sees off the stage and seldom upon it. From the scarcity of models they are rarely seen in pictures and would, we fancy, create quite a sensation if turned loose among real Indians.

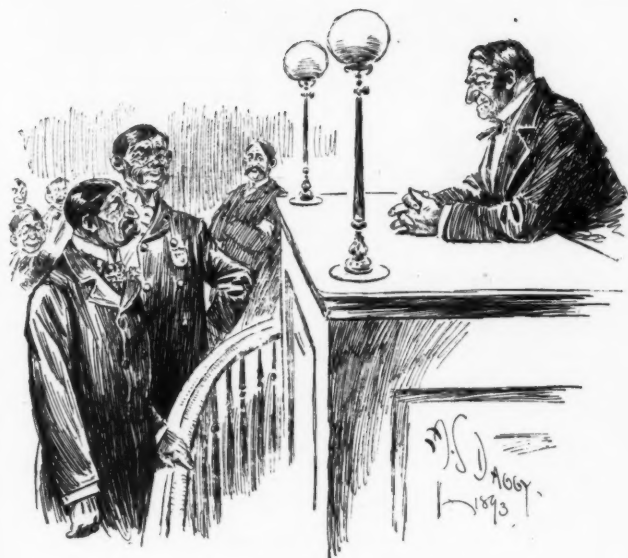
The music of the opera leaves little strong impression, a defect due perhaps to faulty orchestration. The extensive use of brass and bass would go to indicate that Mr. Waller, the composer, has sought to gain a characteristic effect. How far he has succeeded we are unable to say, owing to our entire ignorance of the musical literature of the Ogallalla Indians. The crucial test of his work will occur when the opera is taken on a tour of one-night stands through the Indian Territory. The book is not brilliant and does not seek to be very funny, which is in its favor and in which it succeeds admirably. The plot is flimsy, but the language is good.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE BEND.

Tom (to Alice): IF HE KNEW HE HAD THAT PINNED TO HIM HE'D BE WILD.



READY TO LEARN.

Justice (severely): HOW COULD YOU, SIR, BE SO MEAN AS TO SWINDLE PEOPLE THAT PUT CONFIDENCE IN YOU?

Prisoner: WELL, JUDGE, I'LL MAKE IT WORTH SOMETHING TO YER IF YOU'LL TELL ME HOW TO WORK THEM AS DON'T.

In this production, "The Bostonians" have made the mistake of putting the worst foot foremost. It is not fair utterly to condemn the opera for there is a very good chance to remedy defects, but in its present condition it is emphatically not a success.

* * *

"L'ENFANT PRODIGE," delicious and dainty as ever, is back in New York, this time at Abbey's, and reinforced by Theo, in an amusing sketch. As a thoroughly artistic production it deserves patronage. We are told that on Monday evening a Chicago man sat solemnly through the first act and then madly rushed to an ear-doctor's to find out why he couldn't hear anything but the orchestra.

Metcalfe.

PERVERTED.

"AS for me, I believe that Senator Hill is a man who always acts according to the dictates of his conscience."

"Exactly. And that's why he's always in the wrong."

NEEDED LEISURE.

TYRE DOUTE: Kin ye tell me w'ere dey's givin' away free bread fer nuttin'?

BEN EVOLANT: Why do you ask?

TYRE DOUTE: I want'er loaf.

DUNN: Why is it that you never have any money the day after you receive your salary?

DE FISSETT: It's all owing to other people.

THE DIFFERENCE!

I BOUGHT Belinda Jane a rose	To-day I brought Belinda twelve, It's Winter time;
In Summer time;	(They cost me twenty.)
(Belinda's twenty.)	She kissed me twice, the winsome
She tilted up her dainty nose;	elfe;
In Summer time	In Winter time
Are roses plenty.	They are not plenty.

HAVERLY: Do you consider horseback riding good exercise?

AUSTEN: Most decidedly—for the horse.



THE RIVALS.

A Tale of St. Valentine.

Charlie (the rejected one): SAY, OLD CHAP, JUST ADDRESS THIS VALENTINE TO CLARA VAN DYCK FOR ME. I DON'T WANT HER TO KNOW THAT IT IS FROM ME.



"WHY, CERTAINLY."



"AH, HA! I GET THE CREDIT OF IT AND DIDN'T COST ME A CENT."



"DON'T TELL ME YOU DID NOT SEND IT, SIR! I KNOW YOUR HAND-WRITING TOO WELL!"

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS.

"HOW do you like that colored valet you imported from Alabama?"

"He won't do."

"What's the matter?"

"I told him last night to get out what I needed for the ball, and he brought me my razor."

THE smile and the sob have always been the same in all languages, but profanity is not so primitive.

IT isn't the amount of talking a man does that makes him a bore; it's the amount he doesn't say while he talks.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

DOES YOUR FACE TELL US ANYTHING?

IF you look at the moon over your left shoulder it is a sign of bad luck.

Also, a square jaw is a "sign" of firmness, and a high forehead a "sign" of intellect. Some eyes indicate frankness; others denote opposite qualities, and so on. The novelists are chiefly responsible for the perpetuation of this easy study of human nature, and it is not an innocent pastime, as there are countless cases in which sensible men have been woefully fooled by it.

It assures us, for instance, that we can safely trust the man with "honest eyes" that are far apart. Now a very little experience in this willful world teaches the dullest observer that the man with the "honest eyes," however far apart, is just as likely to circumvent him as the proprietor of any other eyes. We also discover for ourselves that the little woman with the weak face and receding chin often has more firmness, perseverance and iron will than the impressive six foot athlete with a jaw like a strawberry box.

The brow, eyes and mouth are believed by school girls to tell the owner's character with such precision that any knowledge of his previous record is superfluous. Their confidence is still unshaken when it turns out that the owner of the lofty brow is almost an idiot, when he of the sly, scheming eyes proves himself an honest, self-sacrificing friend, or when the owner of the refined mouth is discovered to be the coarsest and most offensive cad of her



A STEAM-HEATED FLAT.

acquaintance. But she is not daunted by occasional defeats. It only strengthens her faith for the next experience.

Why these signs should be confined to the head instead of extending to the soles of the feet has never been satisfactorily explained. A shoulder blade or a knee cap should be as safe a guide to character as a nose or a jaw. Yet one never hears of a musical instep, a sinister calf or a mirthful collar bone.

If that period ever comes when the novelist observes more and writes less, he will perhaps have time to discover that in judging eggs he cannot always rely upon the shell.

J. A. M.

ANTI-TOBACCO.

FOLGER: Who planned Morgan's house?

MASON: His wife. You can't come from the smoking-room into the rest of the house without going in the open air and passing through the conservatory.

YOUNG HUSBAND: I think I shall have to go out to-night, my dear. I have an appointment.

YOUNG WIFE: Oh, Tom, what is it?

YOUNG HUSBAND: An appointment with my tailor, love. He is to call here to-night to collect his bill.



"GENEVIEVE CASSIDY, YOU ASK ME WHY I HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO THIS SPOT. LOOK! THAT BALL OF SNOW CONTAINS THE BODY OF MY RIVAL, HOMER GALLAGHER. THE VENGEANCE I HAVE WROKE ON HIM FILLS MY HEART WITH JOY, FOR I FEEL I AM A STEP NEARER MY ONE GREAT AMBITION."



FEELING POOR.

"LEND ME TEN, FWEDDIE."

"CAN'T DO IT. I'VE JUST BEEN JILTED BY A GIRL WORTH HALF A MILLION."

VALENTINES.

He.

A VERSE to thee, dear one, I send,
And in it let my pen repeat
The words my heart doth ever lend
To coward tongue. Here at thy feet
Lie heart and verse—and both are fain
To prove how loyal love may be;
Oh, stoop, sweet heart, do not disdain
A verse to thee!

She.

A verse to thee, sweet sir, I send:
Forgive its lines if halt and lame;
Words that from out the heart do wend
On paper do not look the same.
So, should this poor verse not impart
What I would say—know that it be
To prove that I am not, Sweetheart,
Averse to thee!

Richard Stillman Powell.

A LOOP HOLE FOR ESCAPE.

"THOMPSON, while bicycling yesterday, rang for a baby carriage to make way. It did not, and the baby was killed and he arrested."

"How can he excuse himself?"

"He pleaded self-defense."

"The dickens!"

"Yes; it turned out the baby was his and teething."



THE following story is told of Congressman Dan Lockwood of Buffalo: Mr. Lockwood, it appears, is the director of a company which proposes to span the Hudson River with a bridge. Some time ago, it was during the last days of the Fifty-second Congress, the house got into a snarl and an all-night session was the result. Mr. Lockwood, with many others, went into the cloakroom about three o'clock in the morning, and, stretching out on the lounge for forty winks, was soon fast asleep. He did not wake up until six o'clock, when Doorkeeper Coakley shook him by the shoulder and remarked:

"Come, Mr. Lockwood, the house has adjourned and you are the last man here."
"Have they passed that bridge bill yet?" the congressman asked Mr. Coakley, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Coakley; "that was two days ago."—*Troy Press*.

DURING the year 1883, threatening letters were sent to many public men in England. Among others, Lord Salisbury received a letter from the Chief Constable of Hertfordshire informing him that his life and that of the late Mr. Smith, First Lord of the Admiralty, were to be attempted the following Monday. This letter Lord Salisbury sent to Mr. Smith, with the accompanying grimly comical little note:

"MY DEAR SMITH: The enclosed may interest you. I am afraid I am, in point of superfluities, the biggest mark of the two. SALISBURY."—*Argonaut*.

DURING the Russo-Turkish war, while relations were very strained between England and the Czar, a member was indiscreet enough to put a question to Disraeli, who was then prime minister, as to the policy of the government in the event of the Emperor of Russia doing a certain act.

Disraeli, with a most funereal face, slowly advanced to the table. The question, he declared in a slow, measured voice, was one of such perilous moment, that the honorable member acted most unwisely in putting it on the paper; yet it was a question of such importance that the only course now open to the government was to accept the inevitable, and boldly answer. "If," declared Disraeli, "the emperor takes this step, all I can say is—and I am speaking after a prolonged consultation with my colleagues—the government will then give the policy they are to pursue their very best consideration."—*Argonaut*.

LORD NORTH, who was premier of Great Britain during our war with the mother country, often indulged in real or seeming slumber. One day he said to a friend at the beginning of a speech on the British navy: "Barré will give us our naval history from the beginning, not forgetting Sir Francis Drake and the Armada. Let me sleep on, and wake me when we come to our own time." At length the friend roused him, and North exclaimed: "Where are we now?" "At the battle of La Hogue, my lord." "Oh, my dear friend, you have waked me a century too soon!" On another occasion an opponent stopped in the middle of an invective to exclaim: "Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep!" "I wish I were," rejoined the sleeper, fervently.—*Argonaut*.

MAN OF FASHION (reading in a newspaper that a village schoolmaster had shot himself because he could not pay a debt of fifty marks): Ridiculous! Why if I were to shoot myself for every fifty marks that I owe, I should be kept at it all the year round!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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—*Indianapolis Journal*.

General Lafayette, on his last trip to America, in 1825, brought several cases of the genuine Marie Brizard & Roger Cordials to America, and they have been in demand here ever since. For sale everywhere.
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WORKER: I wish I could get a job somewhere.

QUIRKER: Why don't you go around to the Fifth Avenue Stage people and apply? They have a lot of vacancies, I hear.

WORKER: Yes; but they are all inside of their horses.—*Truth.*

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underlies the principle that has brought success in the production and sale of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and this partly accounts for the fact that competitors do not successfully imitate it. Thirty years in the lead.

Mexican Travel Increasing.

Interest in Mexican travel appears to be steadily increasing. This is not at all surprising in view of the marvelous growth of trade between the United States and Mexico. Another important factor is the development of such excursion enterprises as that of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, who will take three parties to Mexico the coming winter in special Pullman vestibuled trains, with dining cars, interpreters, and every other first-class accommodation. The first party will leave New York January 30, in time for the New Orleans Mardi Gras celebration. A descriptive book will be mailed without charge by Raymond & Whitcomb, 31 East Fourteenth street, New York.

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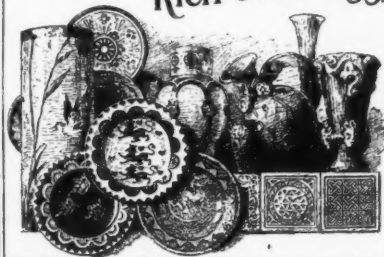
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